

OUTLINES OF SOCIETY TALK.

LIVELY TIMES IN PROSPECT FOR THE SEASON AFTER THANKSGIVING.

The Ohio Society to Give a Ladies' Reception in December—Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow Back in Town for the Winter—Distinguished Guests to Attend the Chamber of Commerce Banquet To-Morrow.

THREE dances, kettledrums and amateur theatricals will all begin with some zest after Thanksgiving is over, but with the exception of the Appleton-Ovington nuptials on Wednesday evening this week promises to be dull.

On Tuesday evening of next week Mrs. Charles H. Leland, wife of the President of the Sixth National Bank, will give a dance at her home, 162 Madison avenue.

The Ohio Society will give a ladies' reception in December.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, of 19 East Thirty-fourth street, will give a "tea" on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 26.

Mrs. H. D. Farwell, of 9 East Seventy-ninth street, will give a reception on Dec. 1.

Mrs. Lawrence Miller, a Wall street broker, and Miss Isabella Sawyer, had a large wedding on Wednesday evening in Boston, the home of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Carter, nee Potter, will receive their friends at their new home in this city, 150 West Fifty-ninth street, on Fridays, Dec. 9 and 16.

Miss Krebs, who has returned from a summer abroad, will introduce her niece, Miss Shupe, this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow and the Misses Bigelow have closed their country seat at Highland Falls, and returned to their home in Gramercy park for the winter.

Lord Cairns is so fickle that although his marriage and that of Miss Herens is announced for early in December, it will not be credited until it has taken place. Miss Herens was an intimate friend of Miss Adele Grant during her engagement to Lord Garville in 1885.

Mrs. Van Volkenburgh, of 818 Madison avenue, will give a tea on the afternoon of Dec. 8.

Mr. Ira K. Morris, of Staten Island, and Miss Sarah Roberts will be married on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride in Princeton.

Miss Eleanor Winslow will be entertained at luncheon on Thursday by Mrs. Frederick Eder, of 12 West Tenth street.

Mrs. George Sampson, nee Hargous, will live at West Point on their return from their wedding journey.

Mrs. John Sherwood, the first Vice-President, will act as President of the "Causeries de L'Inde" until January, when the regular election will take place.

Covers for 212 persons will be laid at Delmonico's to-morrow evening at the one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the Chamber of Commerce. The guests will include Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary Fairchild, Secretary Lamar, W. R. Creamer, Mr. P. H. Stewart, Mr. E. C. Schurz, Mr. George Sampson, Mr. John Bigelow and Chauncey M. Depew. C. S. Smith will preside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fry are visiting Mrs. Fry's mother at Philadelphia.

Col. Laycock, Mr. Joseph Stickney, Mr. Lake and Mr. Horace Waldo are having a week's gunning on the James River.

Mrs. Satterthwaite, of 112 Second avenue, will give a reception on Dec. 1.

TRAITS OF BROKERS.

Several prominent stock brokers have blossomed out in fur-trimmed overcoats.

Harvey Durand is one of the solid men on the street. He is not given to fashionable attire.

John de Mott never attempts anything in the way of style. He prides himself on being a self-made man.

Starr H. Nichols is a smooth-faced, clerical-looking gentleman. He has published several poetical works.

Charles George Wilson, President of the Consolidated Exchange, is one of the best-looking of downtown business men. He dresses soberly in black.

R. A. Peabody, one of the Stock Exchange traders, is a handsome man and is always well dressed. His office in New street, however, is a severely plain establishment.

Henry Clewes is a self-made man. The late Travlers on suggested to Clewes that it would have been a good plan if the latter, when making himself, had put some hair on his head.

Theodore W. Myers, the successful candidate on the Democratic ticket for Comptroller, is one of the best-looking men in the city. He is always over his ears in business, but finds time to devote to his friends, who are legion.

Ex-Commodore Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, affects nothing in the direction of fashion, but he is one of the most genial of downtown brokers, and his office in the Mills Building is always crowded with his friends.

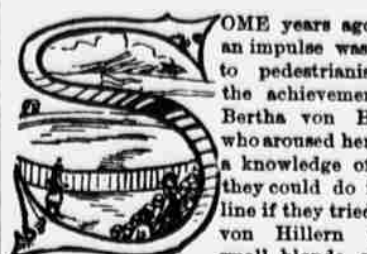
Chairman Peters is one of the most popular men on the Oil Board. With all his glibity he is a strict disciplinarian. His commanding stature and fierce mustache him a marked man among his fellow-members.

HOW I WON MY WIFE.

Y name is Augustus Browning. I believe, at one time, some of my friends had serious fears that I would never enter the state of matrimony. At all events, each friend knew some one who would make me such a nice wife. What had I done to be so unmercifully persecuted? But the truth is, I had my own ideas of a wife. I knew I should and somewhere in this great world a woman pure as a snowdrop and modest as a daisy, with a sweet voice and dainty ways; with the gentler power of love. Notwithstanding the match-making propensities of my friends, I remained steadfastly a bachelor until thirty, and enjoyed heartily my single life. The ladies would doubtless think that during this time my garments were without buttons, and my homely with more than the proper apertures; but such was not the case. Mrs. Vail, my landlady, being a housekeeper, and a woman who had been a day or two at least happier ones, if one might judge from occasional remarks made

HOW YOUNG GIRLS EXERCISE.

They Walk Down Fifth Avenue in the Kees November Air.



OME years ago quite an impulse was given to pedestrianism by the achievements of Bertha von Hillern, who aroused her sex to knowledge of what they could do in this line if they tried. Miss von Hillern was a small blonde of German birth, who managed to cover a large number of miles in a short time, greatly to the admiration of the ladies. She has since abandoned her mission as a public apostle of physical culture, and is walking on the sidewalk of the city, having taken to art.

The taste for walking, however, is getting to be the vogue again with young girls. Scores of them may be encountered on Fifth avenue any pleasant day in the afternoon. The bustle and other mysterious agencies which enter into the framework of a woman's toilet do not make walking an entirely free and easy thing. But some of the young women get over the ground with a vigorous swing and a happy countenance. They know that walking puts a rich color into their cheeks and a sparkle into their eyes. It is exhilarating, in the cool November air, to feel the wind blowing on one's face, to see the white teeth and then, as they break into the smile which comes so readily to them under the invigorating physical glow of perfect health.

It does them more good than breathing the velvet sea air that blows on them as they roll along Bellevue avenue at Newport, or inhaling the pure atmosphere of the Berkshire Hills, where they pilot their village carts through the lovely lanes and by ways of Lenox.

Both of these are tonics, and the "bud" of the last season, who has blown almost to the point of wilting slightly during the hot days of the winter, revives under them visibly. But here in New York they get even more of a draught from the fountain of health by exercising themselves in a brisk walk of thirty or forty miles.

See those two young girls swinging along by the New York Club. They have an action as free as that of a thoroughbred horse. The neatly booted feet, with their honest heel in the place that the heel should be instead of a frightfully high-pitched French abomination that slopes almost under the instep, are planted with a firm, quick step, springy and vigorous. They are not afraid to get their backs and they hold their heads up with a beaming expression on their ruddy faces.

Their gait is measured brisk one without any haste, and the stride is free, but not too long. They are not afraid to get their backs and they hold their heads up with a beaming expression on their ruddy faces.

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ARTISTS IN CENTRAL PARK.

MUCH BOTHERED BY THE "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" SIGNS.



Young Ladies Often Maliciously by Landscape While Sketching—The Metropolitan Museum of Art a Great Attraction—Secluded Nooks with Picturesque Outlooks—Pretty Bits of Color in Autumn Foliage.

ENTRAL PARK offers many a tempting bit to the landscape artist, especially in the fall of the year when the coloring has become rich with the glowing tints of autumn. Artists like to get in some secluded nook from which a picturesque outlook is afforded and transfer a bit of nature to their canvas. Sometimes the site from which the best composition is to be gotten may be on the lawn or some sacred precinct from which the public is debarred by the small sign with the inhospitable command: "Keep Off the Grass."

To avoid these restrictions which stand in the way of a thorough exercise of their art, the painters who like to wander in the Park for pictorial bits secure permits from the Commissioners which give them license to wander as they will or as nature may woo them.

Many of these sketchers are young women, the same who repair to the Metropolitan Museum and make copies of the pictures there. With their box of colors, or sketch-book, they are out of doors. Suddenly a fellow who is slouching along grabbed at the other girl's dress, greatly alarmed at this imitator of Claude Lorraine. Not so the artist, young woman. She remained calm and the fellow, who had hardly paid you to steal that pocketbook, was there only fifteen cents in it.

I don't want your pocketbook. I only thought it would help you down the steps," returned the man, slightly abashed.

"Thanks! I am quite able to get down without your assistance," she answered, with the same cool possession of herself which she showed in her sketching.

"I can see you are like to take a ride in a Lohengrin boat," said the fellow, wheedlingly.

The young girl's eyes glittered rather ominously at the fellow's remark. She had been over the ill-mannered wretch who found her pleasure in annoying her.

"If I can see an officer, I will get you a ride in a Lohengrin boat," she returned with indignation, flashing a glance of withering contempt upon him.

He seemed to feel that he might get an officer pretty quickly, for he took himself off. On another occasion a young woman, who had been over the ill-mannered wretch who found her pleasure in annoying her.

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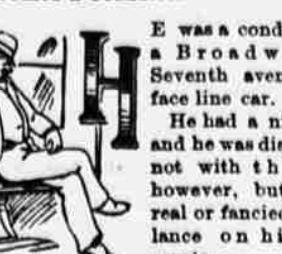
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THE MAN IN THE CORNER.

The Truth About a Sleepy Passenger Who Arouses a Conductor's Conscience.



E was a conductor on a Broadway and Seventh avenue surface line car.

He had a night run, and he was displeased; not with that fact, however, but with a real or fancied surveillance on his movements.

"See that bloke sittin' in the corner," asked he of an EVENING WORLD reporter in a whisper indicating suppressed excitement.

The individual referred to was a brown-bearded, fine-looking man of about thirty years who had seated himself comfortably in a corner of the car and so arranged himself that his face was turned directly upon the fare register. He did not seem to be regarding this cunningly-concocted device to prevent the cheating of street railway companies, but appeared to be enjoying a gentle sleep.

The reporter acknowledged that he could not help seeing the man, not being blind, and the conductor continued: "Well, I know that bloke. He looks very cozy with his half-closed eyes. He's good at figures with his eyes shut, an' you can bet he can tell every man, woman an' child that's got on the car since he boarded his machine at the street. An' what's more, he knows whether they all paid an' if the register recorded the nickel every time. He's one of them sneak spotters."

"I've been on to his nibs for about three weeks," the conductor went on as he absent-mindedly put a fare in his private pocket and forgot to sound the registering gong. "He's always just like he is now, pretentious sleep, but just the same with an eye on the register."

"Hello! What's wrong now? I mustn't forget to ring up a fare, and the persented conductor yanked the indicator-cord and reluctantly changed the misplaced nickel back into the company's pocket, while the supposed spotter, who had suddenly become alert to his surroundings, dropped back in his corner apparently asleep.

"Say, that fellow'll be the death of me. I can't stand him on the car to the Battery. I must get rid of him some way."

In his desperation the conductor grasped the register pulk and gave it five jerks in quick succession, which represented as many passengers who had not boarded the car on the current minutes in the business part of the city.

The bearded man slowly opened his eyes, looked at the desperate-looking conductor with an air of surprise, glanced out of the window, saw he was at the Post-Office, alighted from the car at the same time as the EVENING WORLD man, asked: "What have you been doing to-night, old boy?" and started to make a report on his assignment.

He was an innocent reporter, and not at all the wicked spotter the conductor thought him.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by One of the Best Known City Chefs.

At-to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

SOUP.

Ox Tail.

FISH.

Baked Perch with Pork.

ROAST.

Port, Apple Sauce.

Mashed Potatoes, Roast Tomatoes.

Squash Pie.

Baked Apples, American Cheese.

Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib steak, 15c to 20c.

Potatoes, 10c to 15c.

Butter, 15c to 20c.

Lamb chops, 25c to 30c.

English mutton chops, 25c to 30c.

Veal cutlets, 15c to 20c.

Swedish beef, 85c per pound.

Roasting pig, 85c per pound.

Spring chickens, 15c to 20c.

Dry-dressed turkeys, 12c to 15c.

Squabs, 25c to 30c.

Boston ducks, 15c to 20c.

Ordinary ducks, 10c to 15c.

Crabs, 15c to 20c.

Partridges, 10c to 15c.

Redheads, 15c to 20c.

Geese, 15c to 20c.

Cal, 75c to 80c.

Apples, 25c to 30c.

English apples, 30c to 35c.

Bell, 15c to 20c.

Plums, 15c to 20c.

Vanilla, 20c to 25c.

Foodstuffs, 15c to 20c.

Butter, 15c to 20c.

Sea bass, 15c to 20c.

Oyster plant, 15c to 20c.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. R.—Conviction of a felony carries with it forfeiture of the right to vote. Conviction of a misdemeanor does not carry forfeiture with it. It does not matter whether the man serves in the State prison or in the county jail, or runs away and does not serve at all. It is the offense that he commits which counts.

D. A. F.—Who is Tam O'Shanter? What nationality was he? Why were the witches pursuing him? Really, Tam O'Shanter was no information in the hands of Mr. James Forrester, Chemist, New York.

From his recent Tam was a Scotchman, and the witches ran after him because he pecked his nose into a place where he had no business to poke it.

Happy Days Ahead.

[From the Washington Critic.]

The future now looks brighter.

For close before us we may see

Roast turkey and mince pie.

Why I have coughing all night when you can be cured for 10c. ADAMSON'S COUGH BALM.

Why I have coughing all night when you can be cured for 10c. ADAMSON'S COUGH BALM.

How to Keep a Clean Face.

[From the Chicago Free Press.]

A woman's skin is like a piece of satin, and will not stand rubbing, rinsing or soaking. If it is to retain the delicacy of texture and wear without wrinkles or discoloration, it must be cared for as a belle treats her laces and lingerie or a matron her hair.

There is no prescription and no one remedy that will cure all patients. The thing to do is to study effects. Hot water is good for one face and the injury of elevage; glycerine is the bane of blondes and the delight of brunette beauties; some skin cream and others will show eruptions and discoloration in midsummer.

There are no women who take the care of their faces professionally do. To them health is beauty and beauty capital. Every actress has her own methods of preserving her complexion, and sassy was one of them.

Soap should not be used on the face, as there are chemicals which shine and dry the skin. One should use a sufficient amount of soap, and be traveling through a coal mine. The best way to make up the face is to rub it with a soft linen cloth, and then with all the dirt come off. The friction should be sufficient to quicken perspiration, thus opening the pores of the skin, without irritating. When the cloth runs clean dip it in cold cream and, after working it in the face, rub it dry. There are creams and creams, but, if the pure dairy product cannot be procured, here is a substitute that can be warranted. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$2, but half the quantity procured will do.

When it is desired to use powder the simplest is the best. That which is made of prepared chalk for the face is harmless. Powder should be used when driving or travelling to protect against dust. It is the best and most harmless of all for that purpose.

Don't bite your lips, it takes all the color out of them, and keep your tongue in your mouth if you want to keep them from being sore. It is absolutely necessary to carry a powder-rag if a veil is worn, for a dirty face is only a matter of a few minutes in the business part of the city.

A Dog With a Conscience.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

I have a little silver-mounted Malacca cane that I sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs. This stick Smith is never allowed to carry, as his teeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it "just once" are always met with a steady denial. One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and when I saw it on my way along, he drew back a little to gaze at it, and licked his lips with the delight of anticipation. Then he approached it once more, and when he was just as he must take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his better nature came to the front, and he stood up, looking at the temptation and sat down with his head the other way, guarding the treasure till his mistress should come. Then he ran and hid it under a bush, and he was not allowed to have it. This may seem a small victory to those who do not know Smith's nature, but it is a great victory for him, for he is aware of this trait will appreciate his self-restraint.

A Girl's Strange Mania.

[From the Danbury News.]

In one of the vicinity towns there is a young girl about twelve years of age afflicted with a strange mania. She is a native of the city, and the physicians, possessed of good features and a most intelligent, prepossessing, she is robust in health and shows great activity and is unusually smart and intelligent, with the exception of this mania. Every night about 8 o'clock she will go to a neighbor's house to borrow a needle and thread, and she will make a new excuse for doing so. If she succeeds in getting the needle she then takes a long drive to her home, and when she is alone she frequently perches herself upon a fence and sits there a long time, gazing at the stars. About 10 o'clock she returns home and goes to bed, and her friends, of course, object to these late night strolls, and she has to steal away. These late night strolls have been going on for some time, and she has a number of times greatly frightened persons, who seem to please her amazingly. She is in no respect wild, but seems possessed of a strange and fascinating mania for a lantern.

The Father of the Washington Correspondents.